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FREEPORT PAGEANT

of the

BLACKHAWK

COUNTRY

KRAPE PARK

AUGUST
27-28



COMMEMORATING the 80th ANNIVERSARY
of the FOUNDING of FREEPORT

THE
FREEPORT PAGEANT

OF THE
BLACK HAWK COUNTRY

BY
ETHEL THEODORA ROCKWELL



GIVEN AT
FREEPORT, ILLINOIS
AUGUST 27th and 28th
1915

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PRELUDE.

THE SPIRIT OF THE PRAIRIES.

(A piping call is heard and then soft music pervades the air. Gradually the listeners become aware of singing voices which sound from everywhere until all about them hidden fairies seem to be singing.)

Prairie Sprite Chorus—

Lightly we come
From rivers and hills,
From dells and meadows,
As softly the shadows
Of night succumb
And waking dawn-light thrills.

CHORUS.

Bending and swaying,
Rippling and playing,
Over the prairies
Hasten the fairies
Where whirl of flowers
And summer showers
And golden sunbeams dance.

Grasses wave low
O'er prairies' wide sweep,
In netted sunbeams
Golden light gleams,
And jocund flowers blow
Where we our revels keep.

Bending and swaying,
Rippling, etc.

Oh, come and list
To lilting bird notes
As our twinkling feet
The morning greet,
And lifting, drifting mist
Into the cloud-land floats.

Bending and swaying,
Rippling, etc.

(As the last refrain is being sung, suddenly from everywhere come the prairie sprites who join in the dance of the Prairies. Again the piping sounds and down through their midst gaily playing with her butterfly attendants comes the Spirit of the Prairies, who then leads the dance and pipes them all away to wander over the rest of the world, singing the refrain of their song as they go.)

EPISODE I. THE INEVITABLE CONFLICT.

SCENE 1. PEACEFUL DAYS.

The scene takes place in a village of the Sac Indians near the present site of Rock Island. The time is 1767, which is the year in which Black Hawk was born. The date is also significant because it was not until about this time that the French wholly relinquished their control over Illinois to the British. In the background may be seen waving the French fleur-de-lis.

CHARACTERS.

Pyesa, the Prophet and father of Black Hawk.

The mother of Black Hawk.

Her sister who acts as godmother.

A Fox medicine man.

A Winnebago medicine man.

St. Ange de Belle Rive, French Commander from Fort Chartres.

A small party of French soldiers.

A priest, some voyageurs bearing bundles of furs, etc.

Capt. Thos. Stirling of the British army with a company of Highlanders of the 42nd British Regiment.

Several Indians who belonged to the Grand Medicine Lodge and others who are about to be initiated.

(As the sprites of the prairie finish their dance and their voices die away in the distance, Pyesa the Prophet comes from his lodge and stands in an attitude of worship, facing the rising sun.)

PYESA (chanting) Ho, Kawasta!
Golden, the paths he makes,
Holder of all the trails of life,
As dawn awakes.
Ho, Kawasta!
Smoke-wreaths ascend to Thee,
Wafting my silent heart's appeal
As shadows flee.

When Pyesa proclaims the appearance of the sun, from out his lodge, comes the mother of Black Hawk, and her sister who bears the

child on his cradle board. They begin to sprinkle sacred corn meal round about and the mother proceeds to paint his face white, thereby choosing that class for him. Pyesa steps back nearer the lodge. As he does so a large black hawk circles above him and he cries out:

PYESA. Ma-ka-tai-me-she-kia-ki-ak! Oh, see! Tribe of the eagle shall he be. Black Hawk shall be his name.

As the women lift the child high with his face toward the rising sun Pyesa raises his arms and chants a prophecy as he evokes the blessing of the Great Spirit whose abode is the sun.

PYESA (chanting).

O, Kawasta,
Thy beams alight his face,
And as we strew the sacred meal
Out from thy shining place
Thy spirit comes.
Reveal, oh, now reveal to me
His trail of life.
The hawk far-circling to the west retires
And mists enfold his wings' wild strife.

O, Kawasta,
Thou dost reveal to me;
Black Hawk shall win most high renown,
A mighty warrior be—
Thus sayest thou.
For ancient fields and ancient fires
Shall he contend,
Yet ever backward shall thy children fall
And down thy fading trails descend.

(As the chant ends the child is carried into the lodge and Pyesa remains standing, gazing toward the sun until the approach of a number of Indians both men and women, from the Sac, the Fox, and the Winnebago tribes. They are all dressed in gala attire for today is the initiation of new members into the Grand Medicine Lodge. In the background are set up two large tepees facing each other a hundred feet apart and connected by a roofless colonnade of fresh-cut boughs. Into one of these tepees go the novices, while from the other refreshments are prepared and distributed, by the warriors. In single file each tribe enters the hall, led by the oldest man. Standing before the

Soldiers' Lodge, facing the Setting Sun, the Chief or Leader, with arms upraised, invokes the Great Mystery, after which all, extending the right arm horizontally from the shoulder with open palm, sing the invocation in unison.)

THE LEADER. O, Kawasta.

ALL TOGETHER. O, Kawasta,
Na he ya he
Na he ya he ho
O, Kawasta,
Ya he, ya, he-ho-ho-ho.

Then all march toward the other lodge and facing the rising sun repeat the same invocation. Then each lodge takes its assigned place, and with medicine-bags and totems displayed, each give their songs.

WINNEBAGO MEDICINE MAN (chanting).
O, ye-o ho!
Dream, oh dream again,
And thot to thot reveal.
All wisdom comes from Thee,
And thy light doth spread o'er all the earth.
O-ye-o ho!
Dream, oh, dream again.
O-ye-o, ho, ho, ho.

FOX MEDICINE MAN (chanting).
Oe, ho-e! O-e, ho-e!
Through the clouds,
Riding on high,
Toward the sun I fly
Far, far, far!
O-e, ho-e!
There I find the holy place
And light anew comes to me!
O-e, ho-e! O-e, ho-e!

PYESA (chanting).
O, hear ye me, be ye healed,
Dreams hath the Spirit sent to me.
O, hear ye me, be ye healed,
For light anew he gives to ye
From the Spirit over all,
Gives he thus for light anew he gives to ye.

(When Pyesa finishes his chant the novices are led out in front of the headquarters lodge and placed in a kneeling position upon a carpet of rich robes and furs, the men upon the right, stripped to the waist and painted black with a round spot of red over the heart, while the women, dressed in their best, are placed upon the left. An equal number of medicine men, each of whom has been especially appointed to one of the novices, face them at some distance. After a silent prayer and a brief exhortation, the instructors assume an attitude of superb power and dignity, crouching slightly as if about to spring forward in a foot race, and grasp their medicine bags firmly in both hands. Swinging their arms forward at the same moment they again sing in unison the last measure of their first song,

“Ya-he, ya-he, ho-ho-ho.”

Then they all advance forward step by step until within a few feet of the kneeling novices when they give their medicine bags a mighty fling that would seem to project all their mystic power into the bodies of the initiates who instantly fall forward upon their faces. Then the drums are pounded vigorously and the dance begins with energy. Around the prostrate bodies they go, covering them with fine robes and other garments. Toward the end, the new members join in the final dance.

As the dance is drawing to a close music is heard in the distance and upon the scene comes St. Ange de Belle Rive, a few French soldiers, a priest, some *coureur-de-bois*, and trappers, the latter carrying bundles of furs, etc. Behind them comes marching Capt. Thos. Stirling with his 42nd British Regiment of Highlanders. Instantly the dancers stop their ceremonies and stand watching the approach of the new-comers.)

ST. ANGE DE BELLE RIVE. My Red Brothers: For over ninety years the flag of France has waved over the Illinois country and you have been our friends. But now our Great Father across the seas bids us bring it home to him. These men who come after us will give you a new flag and will seek your trade. No more will our Brown Robe labor among you and heal your bodies and spirits. For the last time he raises his cross to give you his benediction and then we depart toward the rising sun.

(As the priest chants the benediction all heads are bowed. Then, silently, St. Ange de Belle Rive goes over to the flag, takes it up, and stands facing the British Commander with the flag held high.)

ST. ANGE DE BELLE RIVE. Capt. Stirling of His Majesty's Service, this is the last fleur-de-lis to wave over the land of the Illini. I bear it away to my king. Thus ends the dream of empire of the intrepid La Salle.

FRENCH SOLDIERS (shouting.) Vive la fleur de lis! Vive la France!

(They salute the British officer who returns the salute, then silently they march away with the flag fluttering over them. Capt. Stirling steps forward and plants the cross of St. George and then turns to address the Indians.)

CAPT. STIRLING. My Brothers: I come to you from your new Father, his Gracious Majesty, King George of England. He wishes you to be his friends and to send him many furs. He sends you the protection of this flag and many presents. (Here the soldiers distribute a few trinkets, medals, pieces of cloth, etc.) If you will bring furs and come with us we will give you many blankets, kettles, and other things to bring back with you.

(Hastily the Indians begin to gather up bundles of furs while Capt. Stirling gives his men the order to form. As the band plays "Rule Britannia," the regiment, followed by the Indians, passes from the grounds.)

SCENE 2. BLACK HAWK AND THE TREATY OF 1804.

The scene is supposed to take place at Portage des Sioux. Indians of several different tribes begin to gather. With Black Hawk are a number of young braves all in war paint. They compose what was known as the British band during the war of 1812. With them they carry a British flag. Among the prominent Indians are Weesaka, Shamega, Catchemackesco, Chekaqua, Kataka, Mecatch, Neshota, Quashquamme, Chagosort, Pocama, Namachewana, Keokuk, Wapello, and Black Hawk. All of these Indians except Black Hawk sign the treaty in the latter part of the scene. As they are gathering, Girty and Capt. Duncan Graham, British envoys to the Indians, appear with a small force of British soldiers. The time is 1815.

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS.

Keokuk, Chief of the Sacs.

Black Hawk, leader of the discontented faction.

Capt. Duncan Graham, deputy scalping master general of the British army.

Girty, special British envoy.

William Clark, Federal Indian Superintendent at St. Louis.

Ninian Edwards, Auguste Chouteau, American Commissioners.

R. Walsh, Secretary of the Commission.

Thos. Levers, Lieut. Colonel of 1st Reg. of I. T.

Peter Chouteau, Indian agent.

Maurice Blondeaux, Samuel Solomon, Noel Mograine, Interpreters.

The various Indian tribes first appear, Black Hawk and the British Band coming last on to the grounds.

KEOKUK (to Black Hawk). Why do you come before our American brothers in war paint with the flag of the British fathers? That you must bide. You will make trouble.

BLACK HAWK. Black Hawk is no coward. He recognizes only his British father at Malden and the Great Spirit. He will not bow down to the Americans.

Girty, Graham and soldiers arrive.

CAPT. GRAHAM. I come to address all the Indian tribes before the American soldiers arrive. You have been friends of the British and the British have tried to save you, but their king orders them to leave these lands to the Americans and go back to Canada. They must obey their father's commands. Black Hawk, you must fold that flag or the Americans will tear it down when they come. Give it to me.

BLACK HAWK. If you bid me I will fold it, but let me keep it, my friend.

CAPT. GRAHAM. You may keep it but it will afford you protection no longer. I have here a medal which your British Father has sent you for your friendship. He wishes you to wear it always. (He fastens it to Black Hawk's clothing.)

GIRTY. Black Hawk, you and your band have done well. Many scalps of the enemies of the Sacs and the British have you taken. At your village we have left for your services ten barrels of gun powder and twenty fuses. When you want more come to Malden.

(Capt. Graham orders his men to march and they go out as the Americans appear. Black Hawk and two or three of his band withdraw and sulkily remain on the out-skirts. The other Indians greet the new comers and prepare the peace pipes which the various chiefs smoke first and then pass to the three commissioners.)

WILLIAM CLARK (addressing the Indians). My Brothers: Nearly eleven years ago in 1804 representatives of your tribes, the Sacs and Foxes, agreed with William Henry Harrison the representative of the Great White Father, to give up 50,000,000 acres, for which your tribes were to receive \$2,000 in supplies, \$1,000 in annuities, with better hunting grounds across the Mississippi. You have received the money, but some of you have not always kept the compact. Today, we have come that you may renew the treaty with the Americans in all good faith. Show them the treaty, Walsh, and let every chief fix his mark to it.

AUGUSTE CHONTEAU. We bring a present to you of the American flag. Keep it always waving over your people and they will find protection beneath its fluttering folds.

NINIAN EDWARDS. We have come to smoke the pipe of peace with you that we may forever be friends. The Great White Father at Washington knows what is best for both his white and his red children.

LIEUT. LEVERS. Why do some of you come to this meeting of peace in war paint and with dark looks?

KEOKUK. These are the braves of my tribe who have followed Black Hawk and broken our treaty with you.

WILLIAM CLARK. Where is Black Hawk? He must sign this treaty.

KEOKUK. He wanders over there in an angry mood.

WILLIAM CLARK. Send for him at once. (A messenger goes out.)

AUGUSTE CHONTEAU. Who is this Black Hawk, who seems to terrorize the whole western country?

LIEUT. LEVERS. You should ask "Old Rough and Ready" that question. Black Hawk has been more than a match for him. His British band has murdered hundreds of men, women and children.

BLACK HAWK (entering with the messenger). You ask, "Who is Black Hawk?" I will tell you who I am. I am a Sac! I am a warrior. Ask those young men who have followed me to battle and they will tell you who Black Hawk is. Although you have conquered the British, you have not conquered us! We are not your slaves. These lakes, these prairies, these woods, were left to us by our ancestors. They are our inheritance and we will part with them to none.

WILLIAM CLARK. We come to your people in friendship and in peace. We will forget the evil days that are gone. The other chiefs of your tribe have signed the treaty. If you do not sign you and your followers cannot share in the annuities.

BLACK HAWK. My reason teaches me that land cannot be sold. The Great Spirit gave it to his children to live upon and cultivate and so long as they stay upon it they have a right to the soil; but if they leave it, then any other people have a right to it. Nothing can be sold but such things as can be carried away.

WILLIAM CLARK. You will have much better lands in Iowa and the Great White Father will pay you well. Furthermore, the treaty says you need not leave your lands until they become settled. You will sign the treaty and make peace?

BLACK HAWK. "The American White Father promised in that treaty that if we would be friends he would pay to the Sac and his children money to buy food and clothing as often as the flowers bloom and the leaves fall and as long as the grass grows and the water flows. The Sacs had faith and kept their covenant, but the Great White Father did not keep faith with his red children. He pays less money than he promised. He does not pay as often as the flowers bloom and the leaves fall, but only when the howling winds blow the white flakes around the wigwams of the Sacs. He allows men who are only ruffian squatters, and not settlers, to seize our corn lands, burn our lodges, and beat our women and children. They seized and beat me when I had given them no cause. They howled at me in derision. Black Hawk is a chief! When we cried to our White Father his ears were deaf. The spirits of our fathers arose and spoke to us to avenge our wrongs or die. At last we sent up the warwhoop and dug up the tomahawk. We joined our British brothers. Black Hawk has done nothing for which an Indian ought to be ashamed. He has fought for his tribesmen, his squaws, his papooses, against white men who came, year after year, to cheat them and take away their lands. Black Hawk has spoken.

AUGUSTE CHONTEAU. Black Hawk, the Americans wish to be friends again with their red brothers. See the American flag we bring to you as a pledge of good faith. Let us make peace.

BLACK HAWK. Black Hawk will smoke the pipe of peace with his white brothers. He will bury the tomahawk. (He takes the pipe. The commissioners crowd about him with the treaty, but he shakes his head.)

BLACK HAWK. No, Black Hawk will not sign away his corn fields and the graves of his fathers. The Americans have brought the Sacs and Foxes their flag to protect their lodges. Black Hawk will give the Americans a present to protect them on their journey to their village for two hundred of his braves still roam the forests. They will not hurt the Americans when they see the flag of their British Father. It will not help Black Hawk again. He will give it to his white brothers.

After giving the flag to Lieut. Levers he stalks away to his canoes and the Americans and other Indians are seen to leave in different directions.

SCENE 3. THE BATTLE OF KELLOGG'S GROVE.

From Dixon's Ferry to Galena, O. W. Kellogg had built a trail in 1827 over which the workers in the lead mines traveled. About half way between these two cities in what is now Stephenson County, he built a log cabin and some out-buildings. These buildings were located at the most strategic point in the Black Hawk war. Gen. Atkinson realized that whichever party occupied them would be most likely to be successful. Therefore, in June 1832 Major Dement with a small mounted scouting party of about two hundred men was sent to occupy Kellogg's Grove and guard a large consignment of stores. These buildings were the first to be erected in the county. They afterwards became the home of James Timms. The battle which was fought June 25, 1832, was the turning point of the war. From that time on Black Hawk's only desire was to escape with his women and children across the Mississippi river into their Iowa reservation.

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS.

Major John Dement, commander of a detachment of volunteers enlisted under Gen. Zachary Taylor and belonging to Gen. Posey's brigade.

Governor Zadoc Casey.

Capt. Funk, from the Apple River fort.

Jake DeVall, a private.

Lieut. Trammel Ewing, who rode as messenger to Posey's even though seriously wounded.

Stephen R. Hicks, who accompanied Ewing.

About two hundred militiamen and volunteers.

Black Hawk. Neapope. About five hundred braves.

(Capt. Funk and Jake DeVall appear suddenly on top of a ridge overlooking the cabins at Kellogg's Grove. They are on horseback. They shout for Dement and in a moment the Major and several of his men come tumbling out of the cabins and answer the shout. It is early morning.)

MAJOR DEMENT (shouting to the men on the hill top). Who comes there?

CAPT. FUNK. Capt. Funk, from the Apple River fort. We have come to give you warning that Black Hawk with nearly his whole force is upon you. His men are hidden in a thicket over there.

(Capt. Funk and DeVall ride quickly down the hillside. All of the volunteers come tumbling out of the cabins, dressing as they come. Some rush for their horses.)

MAJOR DEMENT. I want five volunteers to go scouting to locate the Indians and estimate their number.

(The soldiers shout and rush for their horses. Dement selects his scouts and orders the others to prepare for battle. Some Indian scouts appear on the hill top. Just as Dement is getting his ranks rudely formed some of his scouts come riding in pell-mell shouting that they have seen five mounted Indians on the ridge. Instantly the ranks break up in wild disorder and the men mount their horses and ride swiftly off toward the ridge. They shout "The Injuns! The Injuns! Now we can get a shot at an Injun!" Dement, Funk and Gov. Casey strive vainly to form their men. The Indian scouts dash down over the hill and decoy the fool-hardy Americans into ambush.)

CAPT. FUNK (shouting to Dement). Form your men in line! For God's sake, Major, form your men. Black Hawk's whole army lies over there.

JAMES BAND (sneeringly to a companion). That scout over there thinks there is an Indian for every stump and tree in the grove.

CAPT. FUNK. My good fellow, I am afraid you will think so, too, before night.

(After much shouting of orders Major Dement and Casey manage to draw a small portion of their force into battle line just in time to cover the retreat of the headstrong men who had rushed after the decoys. Indians sweep upon the Americans from both sides. Two men, one of them young James Band who had sneered at Funk, fall from their horses dead. Dement's position becomes precarious when three of his men, who had gone to search for their horses earlier in the morning, attract the Indians' attention. The three men make a desperate fight, leaving five Indians dead beside them before they finally fall. Dement forms his men again and the Indians stop to scalp the five Americans. They then come with full force against the little group, yelling hideously. The white men break and run panic stricken to the cabins. Dement and Casey are the last to reach shelter. The red men yell joyously and surround the cabins, but are kept back by the firing through the chinks in the logs. Suddenly from the cabins are seen to dart two men, one of them Lieut. Trammel Ewing, who limps, and the other, Stephen R. Hicks. They hastily mount and with their bodies swung low over the necks of their horses they dash

through the Indian lines. The Indians yelling with rage give pursuit throwing their tomahawks and firing, but the messengers get through the Indian lines without being injured and reach the hill-top where they turn for an instant and wave to the anxious lookouts in the cabins, who send up an answering shout of joy. The Indians soon give up the pursuit of the fleeing messengers and return. There is another yell of rage and despair. Black Hawk cries out.)

BLACK HAWK. Gen. Posey will soon be upon us with his whole force. Soon the bullets will fly about our heads as the birds of the air. This is an evil day. The Great Spirit says, 'Come away!' Let us take our dead braves and go to our starving women and children. We will cross the Mississippi and leave our graves and cornfields to the white men.

(The Indians pick up their dead comrades and ride away over the hill-top. Before Black Hawk disappears he turns and looks off over the land he is leaving, bidding it farewell.)

BLACK HAWK. Farewell, my nation! Black Hawk tried to save you and avenge your wrongs. He drank the blood of the white men, but his plans have come to an end. His sun is setting and it will rise no more. Farewell to Black Hawk.

(When the Indians have disappeared the white men come cautiously forth and, picking up the bodies of their dead comrades, go marching away to meet General Posey.)

EPISODE II. EARLY FREEPORT.

1835 — 1850.

SCENE 1. THE NAMING OF FREEPORT.

The first settler in what is now Stephenson County was William Waddams, who came in 1833, and was destined to hitch his team to many a pioneer's wagon tongue and pull him through mud holes. During the next two years about twenty-five settlers with their families began a new life in the little, rude, log cabins which they reared with their own hands. Among these new-comers was William Baker, better remembered as "Tutty" Baker, who was the first settler on the present site of Freeport. He established an Indian trading-station and what he termed a hotel (a small log house already crowded with his own large family) and proceeded at once to lay out a town and organize a land company. The new town was to be called Winneshiek after a tribe of Indians which still inhabited the region.

The scene here given takes place shortly after Baker's arrival when other settlers have also declared their intention of making the place their permanent residence. Outside the little cabin a table is spread. Mrs. Baker is bustling about serving a frugal breakfast to some men who had arrived the night before.

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS.

William Baker, Mrs. William Baker, several children of the Baker family, W. T. Galbraith, William Kirkpatrick, O. H. Wright, Benj. Goddard, George Whiteman, Miller Preston, Joseph Van Sevit, Robert Jones, Levi Lucas, several Indians.

WILLIAM BAKER. Have s-s-some more k-k-corn bread, gentlemen, and s-sq-squirrel meat. When you get through eating I'll show you about a b-b-bit. We-we-we've as g-g-good land as you've seen in all your travels.

(A call sounds from across the river "Barney Barlow, Barney Barlow, come ferry me across." From the distance voices are heard driving oxen onto the ferry. Very soon O. H. Wright appears with a load of goods in the back of the cart.)

MRS. BAKER. There! Now he'll be wanting something to eat, and only two dodgers and a cat-fish in the house. I declare, William, this is getting to be a regular 'free port' for every body that comes along and how much do I get out of it? I think you'd better call the place Free Port and be done with it!

(W. T. Galbraith and William Kirkpatrick, who have just entered, over-hearing the remark of Mrs. Baker, reply.)

W. T. GALBRAITH. That's right, Tutty, let's call it Freeport. You know we can't get that Winneshiek land anyway.

WILLIAM BAKER. Wh-wh-not?

WILLIAM KIRKPATRICK. That half-breed woman, Mary Myott, claims it, and you know the government gives the half-breeds first chance.

WILLIAM BAKER. Now, that-that's too bad. Well we'll s-sur-survey that other piece over there then and lay it off in l-lots. (Goes over to greet Wright who has just entered.) Wel-wel-come, friend. Have you come to stay with us? H-have some, some b-breakfast.

O. H. WRIGHT. Thank you, I believe I will. Yes, I think I'll stay. I hear you're going to make a town here. I think I'll start the first store. I've brought some goods.

(Through the woods come Benj. Goddard and George Whiteman, Miller Preston, Joseph Van Sevit.)

BENJ. GODDARD. We've come to help you put up another house, Baker, and plat some more lots. I think some day I'll start a big hotel here. Glad you're going to put in a store, Mr. Wright. We need it.

(Robert Jones and Levi Lucas appear and are greeted by the others.)

ROBERT JONES. We went over to Galena the other day to work in the lead mines a while. Last night when we got back the Indians had stolen all of our honey, tobacco and other stuff, and they even took our razors. They ought to be taught a lesson.

BENJ. GODDARD. That's right, and we've got to do something to get rid of that Driscoll gang of horse thieves that have just begun operations around here. I say we ought to organize some kind of government for ourselves until the Legislature makes us into a separate country. What do the people of Jo Daviess care about what happens to us?

WILLIAM BAKER. We'll be a k-k-county soon. The Legislature think of calling it S-s-sst-st-Stephenson after Col. Stephenson. We've got to get this place made the C-County Seat.

LEVI LUCAS. There's some Indians now. Come over here, you rascals. (Half-a dozen Indians approach.) Now look here, you fellows are the very bunch that stole my honey and razors and everything else. I'll give you until just tonight to get it back in the cabin or else — (He makes a motion of cutting his throat.)

LEADER OF INDIANS (gesticulating). No, no, no can't bring honey back, and corn and tobacco—him all gone. But other things, yes, before the sun over the top of the sky, we bring them back.

ROBERT JONES. See that you do or you'll find out what will happen. Next time we won't let you off so easy.

BENJ. Goddard. Well let's get to work, men. If we build a city here it's time we get in on the ground floor and start things.

WILLIAM BAKER. Yes-yes. We'll build a great city and we'll call it as she says—Free-F-Freeport.

SEVERAL. That's it, Freeport! A port of freedom to all who come with the will to work and earn an honest living.

SCENE 2. AN EARLY FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION.

This scene is introduced to show something of the early life, interests and amusements of those who laid the foundation of the city of Freeport. An attempt is made to bring into the pageant many of those most prominent in building the city, but doubtless the names of several who contributed great services to the town are not mentioned, not because of a lack of appreciation, but because of incompleteness of records and lack of time for a complete representation of any one scene. Besides the characters named in the cast others will be represented in the mass.

CHARACTERS.

A. T. Green, postmaster, tailor and justice of peace; Walker, a stage driver; John A. Clark, county clerk and surveyor; Mrs. John A. Clark, William Baker, Dr. Martin, town physician; Mr. and Mrs. Loring Snow, Rev. James Schofield, Baptist minister; Mrs. James Schofield, Martin P. Sweet, speaker of the day; Mrs. Martin P. Sweet, Seth B. Farwell, first lawyer to come to Freeport; Geo. Purinton, second lawyer; O. W. Brewster, Thos. J. Turner, L. W. Guiteau, Mrs. L. W. Guiteau, Maj. John Howe, Miss Katherine Howe, D. A. Knowlton, Mr. Oscar Taylor, Mrs. Oscar Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Stephenson, Mr. and Mrs. James Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Chamberlain, Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Chamberlain,

Mr. and Mrs. Alpheus Goddard, John H. Addams, Mathias Hettinger, Dr. Robt. Van Valsah, O. H. Wright, Charlie Pratt, Miss Louise Burchard, Rev. F. C. Winslow, Mr. and Mrs. Benj. Goddard, Julius Smith, John Reitzel, Philip Reitzel, John Wolford, Mr. William Stewart. Arrivals in the caravan—John Van Dyke and family, Samuel Barber and family, John Barber and family, James Barber and family, Samuel Wright and family, Robt. Badger and family, William Wright, John Wright.

When the scene opens A. T. Green appears seated upon a bench with his legs crossed under him. Back of him is his rude little cabin. He is busily engaged upon the making of a suit when Dexter A. Knowlton comes in.

DEXTER A. KNOWLTON. Good morning, Green. Is my suit finished yet?

A. T. GREEN. No, but it will be when I get through sewing these buttons on and finish off the collar.

DEXTER A. KNOWLTON. I'll stay here and wait for it then. I want to wear it today. We'll have big doings here today.

(A bugle sounds and onto the grounds with a great flourish comes Walker the stage driver of the Frick & Walker stage line between Chicago and Galena.)

WALKER (driving up his four-horse team with a jerk). Whoa, now! How's Freeport, Green? You've got a lot of mail for the town today. (Hands out about a dozen letters and a few newspapers which Green puts in a sack beside him.) Here's a package for you from New York, Knowlton.

(From the back of the coach descends Miss Louise Burchard while two or three other passengers remain in the coach, their destination being farther on. In the meantime a number of the townspeople have gathered to get the news. They open and eagerly discuss the letters. Green keeps on sewing until he finishes the suit.)

JOHN A. CLARK (greeting Miss Burchard). Welcome to Freeport, Miss Burchard. The Little Red School-house is all ready for you. We're mighty proud of our little school house, I tell you.

MISS LOUISE BURCHARD. And I am proud to be the first teacher in it. I hope my influence will be for good in many young lives.

JOHN A. CLARK. I'm sure it will, I'm sure it will. Come and meet the others who are all anxious to know you.

THOS. J. TURNER (opening a letter). Well, Walker, what's the news out in the civilized world?

WALKER. They say that Old Rough and Ready is going to run for President next term.

(Several shout, "Hurrah for Old Rough and Ready," while one cries out, "I was with him in the Black Hawk war.")

THOS. J. TURNER. The Whigs are beautifully consistent! They are in eternal hostility to slavery and yet they will nominate a man who owns the flesh and blood of hundreds of human beings.

(Walker gives his long whip a flourish, shouts a good-by, and goes rattling away while others are constantly gathering. A couple of farmers come in, one of them with a few sacks of grain in the back of his cart. They pause before Green.)

FIRST FARMER. Your honor, we came to get you to settle a case for us. He has the same mark for his hogs as I've got, and he claims some shoats that I knows is mine. He stole my mark.

SECOND FARMER. I didn't, I tell you. It's the mark I brot from Pennsylvania and I ain't going to change it.

FIRST FARMER. I got here first and you know, Green, my mark's registered over at the Court House. Two clips in the left and a notch in the right ear.

SECOND FARMER. Just as my hogs had when I come here and everybody in the county knows it. He won't get them black shoats for I know they're mine. He ain't got any hogs like them.

A. T. GREEN (to last speaker). How many hogs did you have when you come?

SECOND FARMER. Two black ones with white spots.

A. T. GREEN. And you?

FIRST FARMER. Two white ones with black spots.

A. T. GREEN. All right, you take all of the white shoats with black spots, and you take your black shoats with white spots and change your mark to a notch in both ears. I'll register it tomorrow. You give me a sack of that corn and you bring me a ham of the largest one of them black shoats with white spots. (The first farmer starts to lift off a sack while the crowd gathered around, give a cheer.)

GREEN. Where were you taking that corn?

FIRST FARMER. Over to Cedarville to Addams' Mill.

GREEN. Well take it along and get it ground. Then bring it back to me.

As the farmers ride off D. A. Knowlton, the President of the day, and Martin P. Sweet, the orator, stand up to address the gathered audience.

D. A. KNOWLTON. Friends of Stephenson County, in behalf of the citizens of our little town of Freeport, I am glad to welcome you upon this glorious anniversary of our nation's birthday. I am sure you are anxious to hear Freeport's greatest orator, Martin P. Sweet, therefore, I shall give over the rest of the time to him, with the same warning to you that an Irish opponent of his over at Galena the other day gave to the gentlemen of the jury: "I warn ye's all that ye must be afther lookin' out for the man who is going to speak next, for so silver-tongued is he that he will charm the very birds off from the trees." (Cheering.)

MARTIN P. SWEET. Ladies and Gentlemen: Upon the anniversary of so great an event as the birth of the empire in which we live, we should pause to reflect upon some of the meanings of this, our nation's greatest day. Our forefathers, by their heroic act on this day 1776, made possible for us our beautiful land, our glorious liberty, our benign institutions. Today their spirit still lives. As long as it incites us to think as they have thought and do as they have done, the honor and praise will be ours, to have preserved unimpaired the rich inheritance which they so nobly achieved.

But we must be ever vigilant and heed the solemn warnings that are revealed to us in the unsealed books of the Old World. Greece, the land of scholars, fell not when other mighty races tried to overthrow her at Marathon and at Thermopylae. She was conquered by her own factions; by her own corruptions, banishments and dissensions and the nation of arts was no more. Rome was not destroyed by the invading hoards from the north. Her own people took the thirty pieces of silver. So has it been with all nations up through history.

We stand the latest experiment in self government. Can it be possible that America will betray herself as did Greece and Rome? No, No! I read in the destiny of my country far better hopes, far brighter visions. It shall live, the embodiment of the power and majesty of the people and for a thousand, thousand years it shall stand the final great triumph of human liberty for which the thousands up through the ages gave their lives.

I call upon you, young men of America, to remember whose sons you are, whose inheritance you possess. By all you are and all you hope to be, resist every project of dis-union, every encroachment upon your liberties, every attempt to fetter your consciences and thereby prove yourselves not unworthy of your great heritage. (Cheers.)

DEXTER A. KNOWLTON. Mr. John A. Clark will lead us in singing "Flag of Freemen."

Flag of freemen gone before us,
While thy starry folds float o'er us,
All the land, from sea to sea,
Now and ever shall be free.
Mindful of our father's story,
Mindful of our country's glory,
Well to keep that heritage.

CHORUS.

Flag of freemen gone before us,
While thy starry folds float o'er us,
All the land from sea to sea,
Now and ever shall be free.

DEXTER A. KNOWLTON. Charlie Pratt has had his fiddle tuned for some time. Let us all dance.

(As couples hastily take their places for an old-fashioned dance, others stroll about greeting each other and talking over the affairs of the day. While the dancing is at its merriest a long line of Conestoga wagons suddenly appears and all attention is turned toward them. When the wagons come onto the grounds a large number of emigrants from Pennsylvania alight and are heartily welcomed by relatives, friends and other people of the town and county.)

BENJ. GODDARD. Dinner enough for everybody has been prepared at the Mansion House. You will all be welcome.

Chatting merrily the people all hasten from the grounds taking with them the new arrivals.

SCENE 3. FREEPORT BECOMES A RAILROAD CENTER.

The railroad fever reached Freeport and Stephenson County about 1845. In 1847 a railroad convention was held at Rockford at which all Northern Illinois was represented. To get the Chicago-Galena road to come through Stephenson County it soon became evident that at least \$20,000 worth of stock would have to be subscribed. But money was scarce and the solicitors found considerable difficulty in raising the subscriptions. When the railroad had got as far as Belvidere the company became discouraged and contemplated a change of route to

Savannah. The scene here represented shows the despair and indignation of the people of Stephenson County and the outcome of the efforts of the solicitors to make the Railroad Company stand by its promise.

CHARACTERS.

John H. Addams, O. H. Wright, D. A. Knowlton, John A. Clark, Martin P. Sweet, Jonathan Reitzell—Committee sent to Chicago. A number of citizens, both men and women, from Freeport and Stephenson County.

(The people come onto the grounds talking excitedly and many of them indignantly. Most of them are country people.)

FIRST SPEAKER. Didn't I tell you so right along? I knew that all these four guys wanted was your money. I'm glad they didn't get a chance to fleece me.

SECOND SPEAKER. Didn't you have to pay your share of taxes on the County bonds?

FIRST SPEAKER. Yes, that's right, I did, and that's what I came into town for today. I'll go up and tell that county board a thing or two.

THIRD SPEAKER. I'll go along with you. It's too darned easy for them to set there and spend a poor farmer's money.

FOURTH SPEAKER. Yes, and I told them so straight from the shoulder. Some folks say that people have always been taxed for the benefit of schools, roads, bridges, etc. True, but that ain't no argument. If I am taxed to build a school house the same law gives me the right to send my children there. If I am taxed to make or repair a public road or a bridge the same law gives me the privilege to use it in my own vehicle. I can go in an oxcart or coach, or I can go barefooted or a-horseback whenever I please. Can I put my own car on the track of a railroad and travel as I please and when I please? No! Then why attempt to compel me to contribute to this corporation or make me an involuntary stockholder? Yonder comes Sweet. I'll make him answer me that question.

THIRD SPEAKER. Where's D. A. Knowlton? He's the man that fleeced me for six shares, fool that I was.

FIRST WOMAN. Yes, and we bought two shares. I ain't had a new thing this year for I let all the butter and egg money go to pay for something we'll never get to use.

SECOND WOMAN. So did I. That railroad never intended to come here. I'd like to know if we've done without things all year just to help out some other county?

THIRD SPEAKER. I'm going over to Knowlton and make him pay me back my money. Where is he anyway?

JONATHAN REITZEL. Mr. Knowlton has gone to Chicago to see the Railroad Company. Wright, Addams and Clark went with him.

THIRD SPEAKER. Will they get our money back?

FIFTH SPEAKER. It isn't our money we want back. We want the railroad. Why, man, can't you see that if we don't get that road our county is a dead one? The last time I hauled a load of wheat to Chicago it cost me nine dollars more than I got for the whole load. Besides I wasted a whole week. If we don't get the road, emigration will go to another county and we will never make any progress.

A GERMAN WOMAN. I helped Mr. Addams get subscriptions when he was around canvassing, by promising to use all my butter and egg money to buy shares. Mr. Addams didn't intend to fleece me nor anyone else. If he's gone to Chicago I know things will come out all right.

ANOTHER WOMAN. There they all come now.

(Enter John H. Addams, O. H. Wright, D. A. Knowlton and John A. Clark, followed by several other anxious villagers.)

JOHN H. ADDAMS. Friends, from your faces I know you are as much disturbed as we were a few days ago when we learned that the Chicago-Galena Company had decided to build the railroad to Savannah instead of Galena. But today we have good news for you. (Cheers from part of the crowd.) It has just been learned that our Little Giant has persuaded the Congress of the United States to donate to Illinois 3,000,000 acres of public land to build a railroad through the center of the State, north and south. The Illinois Central Company has been organized and they have agreed to build as far north as Freeport and then go on to Galena. The Chicago-Galena road will come to Freeport to meet them. (Great cheering.)

D. A. KNOWLTON. Besides this good fortune, friends, it will not be long before we will have a railroad coming in from the north, from Beloit. (Cheering.)

O. H. WRIGHT. I think all of you can realize what this stupendous piece of good fortune means for Freeport and for the whole of Stephenson County. We will become the richest County in the State and Freeport will become a large city, for it will be the railroad center of the north. (Cheering.)

JOHN A. CLARK. Who's that coming over there with that queer machine behind him. Why it's Pells Manny from over Waddams' way! What you got there, Manny?

PELLS MANNY. Something that will revolutionize farm life. I call it a reaper. I have just got back from Washington. I walked all the way there to get this patent. See, here it is. Now that Freeport is to become a railroad center, I think I'll start a factory here. (Men crowd around to examine the machine.)

O. H. WRIGHT. Friends, that means we will soon become a great manufacturing center also. What made you ever think of such a machine, Manny?

PELLS MANNY. Why the Gauls had a machine something like this hundreds of years ago. I happened to run across a description of their machine and finally I got it so it would work. Come with me and I'll show you how it works in that wheat field yonder. (All follow the machine off.)

SCENE 2. THE COMING OF THE GERMANS.

(From several directions groups of German men, women and children come onto the stage. The different groups are Prussians, Austrians, Alsatians, Luxemburgers, Bavarians, Hanoverians, Holsteiners, etc. Among them are Wilhelm Wagner (Baden), Mathias Hettinger (Alsace), D. B. Schulte (Prussia), August Hoefer (Prussia), John Rotzler (Baden), John Hoebel (Bavaria), Louis Jungkunz (Bavaria), Jacob Krohn (Prussia), D. Kuehner, Fred Gund (Baden), C. O. Collmann, Henry Baier, Chas. Seyfarth, F. J. Kunz, Daniel Kunz, Damien Franz, John Schwarz, Valentine Stoskopf, John Seitz, Jacob Burkhardt, and many others who came to America between 1840 and 1860 and started many of the flourishing industries which have aided in building the city. With one group is a band. As the different groups come together on the stage they greet each other and begin to compare their old home with their new.)

MATHIAS HETTINGER. Ach, my friends. You will not find here my beloved Alsace. This country, it looks so new and so raw yet, but maybe we will prosper here.

WILHELM WAGNER. Yes, we can put up with the hardships of this new country if it will but help us to make a fair living and give our families a chance. Now that so many have come from the Vaterland I will start a German paper and call it the *Deutscher Anzeiger*.

SEVERAL. *Das ist sehr schön! sehr schön!* We can get now the home news in our mother tongue.

FIRST WOMAN. The new country, it is free, yes,—but there are no Lindenbaums here. Just everywhere, grass and fields,—but nowhere Lindens.

SECOND WOMAN. *Und die Korn-blumen*,—that, we do not find.

THIRD WOMAN. Ja, ja, and at evening time no town clock to sound the Angelus and no nightingale to sing all through the night.

FOURTH WOMAN. And every morning when we lived in Ostfriesland, I used to take little Hans by the hand and go to the town well at the gate and there the others came and we talked while Hans gathered the pink heather. But none of these things are here.

WILHELM WAGNER. It is the Heim-weh! Let us sing one of the old songs.

IN DER FERNE.

Nun leb' whol, du kleine Gasse
Nun ade, du stilles Dach!
Vater, Mutter sah'n mir traurig,
Und die Liebste sah mir nach.

Heir in weiter, weiter Ferne,
Wie's mich nach der Heimat zieht!
Lustig singen die Gesellen,
Doch es ist ein falsches Lied.

Andre Städtchen kommen freilich,
Andre Mädchen zu Gesicht;
Ach wohl sind es andre Mädchen,
Doch die eine ist es nicht.

Andre Städtchen, andre Mädchen,
Ich da mitten drin so stumm!
Andre Mädchen, andre Städtchen,
O, wie gerne Kehrt' ich um.

GROSSVATER. Ah! Wie schoen! It does one good to sing the "Alten Lieder" once again! I tell you, friends, we must have a Commiers dann und wann! Then we can sing the "Alten Lieder" and talk the schoene deutsche Sprache. Our children must not be allowed to forget the Vaterland. Lehret eure Kinder das deutsche Lied!

CHILDREN. O, Grossvater, erzähle uns ein Märchen, ein Märchen!

GROSSVATER. "Hörst du? Nun, Kinder, was soll es sein?"

CHILDREN. (Jumping up and down excitedly). Lasst uns singen "Der böse Wolf ist tot."

GROSSVATER (musing). Ha, die kleine Rotkäppchen und der böse Wolf ist es?

"Nun lasst uns singen und fröhlich sein.
Der böse Wolf ist tot.
Da sitzen sie nun alle drei
Und auch der brave Jägersmann
Und essen den Kuchen und trinken den Wein,
Nun lasst uns singen und fröhlich sein."

(Grossvater sings the song first then the children sing it. When they finish they clamor again.)

CHILDREN. O, Grossvater, lasst uns Tanzen!

GROSSVATER. Was, Tanzen auch!

CHILDREN. Ja! gewiss!

GROSSVATER (waving his porcelain pipe and singing).

Grossvater will Tanzen,
Auf machet Platz, auf machet Platz!
Mit seiner Grossmutter,
Seinem allerliebsten Schatz.

Grossmutter will tanzen,
Auf machet Platz, auf machet Platz!
Mit ihrem Grossvater,
Ihrem allerliebsten Schatz.

(Grossvater and Grossmutter dance in the center of the ring, while the children dance around them, singing as they dance.)

"Rum-bi-di-vum,
Rum-bi-di-vum,
Rum-bi-di-vi-di,
Rum-bi-di-vum,
Vum bi-di vi di vum."

(In the background and at the sides several of the older people, either singly or in couples, mimic the dance of the children. Others continue to talk or gesticulate.)

ONE OF THE PRUSSIAN GROUP. Ach, Martha, doesn't this make you think of the Ausflug on Sunday when we were young?

MATRHA. Ja, Ja, Franz. We used to go every Sunday, didn't we? We were terribly in love then, weren't we?

FRANZ. Ja, Martha, that was before we were married. One Sunday I spent three marks; do you remember?

MARTHA. Ja, so you did, so you did, Franz, but two of them slipped through your fingers and rolled into the lake while we were sitting on the pier. (Several laugh.)

ANOTHER SPEAKER. Yes, we had happy days before the Revolution. But we love freedom in a new land more than idle, happy days at the Ausflug und Kirmise! Out of the storms of revolutions we come here for refuge for the time is not yet ripe when we can save our Vaterland! Amerika unser Zufluchts-land!

ANOTHER SPEAKER. Altho' we lost the struggle we have not lost our vision. We will give of our best to our new land. We shall not prove unworthy of its hospitality—we lovers of freedom. It needs many things which we can give it, for it has not yet had time to establish all the institutions that the Old World has been building for centuries. To our new land with grateful hearts we will give our all, in music, art, philosophy and science, and we ask in return only that we be given justice and the right to serve the state. (Cheers.)

WILHELM WAGNER. In order that we may keep up our music let us form a Saengerbund here today.

SEVERAL. Ja, Ja! A Saengerbund! A Saengerbund!

WAGNER. Then let us sing one of our old student songs.

(They all sing Studenten-Nachtgesang.)

MATHIAS HETTINGER. Come, friends, we must be at work if we would win a place in the New World, here in America.

(As the band plays they gather up their bundles and leave the grounds.)

INTERLUDE.

OTHER NATIONALITIES.

In much smaller numbers than the Germans, there are represented in Freeport most of the European nationalities. By a series of folk dances the English, French, Dutch, Irish, Italian and Greek, and Scandanavian nationalities are represented.

EPISODE III. THE LINCOLN-DOUGLAS DEBATE.

Time—August 27, 1858.

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS.

Abraham Lincoln.

Stephen A. Douglas.

Joseph Medill, Editor of the Chicago Tribune and one of the leaders of the Republican party. Known as "The Greeley of the West."

Norman B. Judd, Chairman of the Republican State Central Committee.

Elihu B. Washburne, member of Congress from District No. 1.

Robert Hill, a young reporter from the Press and Tribune.

Judge Oglesby, prominent Republican leader.

Robert Hitt, reporter for the Press and Tribune of the Lincoln-Douglas debates and at that time the only stenographer in the west who could take a speech verbatim.

Hon. Thos. J. Turner, Republican moderator and member of the Legislature.

Col. James Mitchell, Democratic moderator.

Owen Lovejoy, prominent abolitionist.

John H. Addams.

Col. Geo. Walker, a prominent Democratic leader.

James B. Sheridan, a reporter from Forney's Philadelphia Press, who also reported for the Chicago Times, which was Douglas' organ.

Henry Binmore, reporter from St. Louis Republic, who also reported for the Chicago Times. He invented his own system of shorthand.

Wm. Askey.

Deacon Bross, a prominent Republican from Chicago.

Uncle John Wolf, who drove Lincoln in a six-horse Conestoga wagon to the debate.

Martin P. Sweet.

Horatio C. Burchard.

Frederick Douglas.

In the immense audience that gathered to hear the debate were: Mr. Edward P. Barton, Mr. and Mrs. Dexter A. Knowlton, Smith D. Atkins, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Warren Clark, Wm. Stewart, Joseph S. Emmert, Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Luther

Guiteau, Benj. Lord Porter, Henry James Porter, Mrs. James Mitchell, Mrs. Martin P. Sweet, Venette Sweet, Miss Sarah Clark, and Mrs. C. L. Best, Mr. and Mrs. Orlando B. Bidwell, Mr. and Mrs. Loyal L. Munn, Mr. and Mrs. William Wagner, William Walton, August Bergman, Mr. and Mrs. John Burrell, Mr. and Mrs. Jared Sheetz, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Brodie.

The city of Freeport first rose into national prominence on Friday afternoon, August 27, 1858, when one of the greatest debates in American history was held, which was destined to become as momentous and far-reaching in its effects as the famous Webster-Hayne Debate. In depicting this scene an attempt will be made to reproduce the audience with the costumes and manners of the time, to show something of the intense political and sectional feeling and to introduce the salient features of the debate itself.

Across the stage surge the great masses of people who are hastening to the grounds where the debate is to take place. Some are walking, some are riding on horseback while others come in every conceivable sort of conveyances drawn by oxen, mules or horses in any number from one to half a dozen. Thronging together are well dressed politicians and prosperous business men, handsome well dressed women, farmers and their families, mechanics, children, young men and young women making the day a gala one, delegations from Jo Daviess, Winnebago, Carroll, Edgar and Ogle Counties, with bands playing and banners and flags flying, and now and then singing snatches of political or patriotic songs.

Upon banners everywhere are such devices as the following: "Abe the Giant Killer," "Edgar County for the Tall Sucker," "Free Territories and Free Men," "Winnebago County for Old Abe," "We Have Faith in Abraham," "Yet another County for the Rail Splitter," "Galena Lincoln Club," "We're for the Little Giant," "Douglas always gets There," "S. A. Douglas, the Champion of Popular Sovereignty," "Freie Arbeit Freie Kansas," "Die Deutche for Lincoln." Many of the vehicles are decorated while several floats show the Little Log Cabin, Lincoln splitting rails, the flat boat, etc. Fifty women riding on horseback show their preference for Lincoln. The most beautiful float is one in which ride thirty-two little girls representing the States. They are dressed in white dresses with red sashes and blue liberty caps with white stars. From the middle of the float rises a high sapling flagstaff with the leaves still on it. A motto bears the inscription

"Westward the Stars of Empire takes its way.

The girls link on to Lincoln; their mothers were for Clay."

Back of the States sits a thirty-third girl shackled in chains, thus representing Kansas with the inscription "Set me free!",

As the eager crowd push onward the affairs of the day are discussed. When the Winnebago delegation come onto the grounds they sing

"Stephen Douglas, our giant,
We're sorry for your fate,
You've nullified compromises,
You've nullified your State,
You've nullified your party, Steve,
And principles you know,
And now you've nullified yourself,
Oh Little Giant, Little Steve."

(Immediately another delegation responds.)

"As we walked out the other night,
When all around was still,
We met a team called Buck and Breck,
A-jogging down the hill;
Steve Douglas sat behind and drove,
A twinkle in his eye,
And sotto voce, thus he sang,
'Old Buck, you'd better cry;
Oh, Buchanan,
You needn't cry for me,
You'll need your salt drops for yourself,
You'll see what you will see'."

Shouting "Little Giant, Little Giant," they go toward the grounds as a group of farmers with their families enter.

FIRST FARMER. Nope, you bet your life I ain't going back on Little Doug. I've voted for him nigh onto twenty-five years now an' I'm goin' to keep on a-doin' it until I help to make him President an' that ain't a-going to be long neither. (Shouts of "Hurrah for our Little Giant.")

SECOND FARMER. Yes, that's jest like some folks. They'll vote a certain way even when they knows that they're wrong.

FIRST FARMER. Yes, an' I reckon that you're like a lot o' other fools that'll keep this here nigger question a-goin' until you dissolves the Union. That's what you're a-doing by all yer fool abolition doctrines.

THIRD FARMER. Dissolve the Union is it! I'd like ter know how you figger that out. Is the North goin' out of the Union; I reckon not! She's contented where she is. Is the South goin' out? Gosh, no! You couldn't coax her out. You couldn't kick her out. (Laughter.)

FOURTH FARMER. That's right, Billy, go after any durned Squatter Sov man ye see. It is time for the North to assert herself. We got just as good a right to our opinions as the South has to theirs, and blamed if we ain't a-goin' to stand up for 'em along with Old Abe. (Shouts of "Hurrah for Old Abe.")

FIRST FARMER. Couldn't you get a fancier hoss than him to run? The Little Giant'll beat him a mile. Why your old plug hoss can't even get a crowd without foller'n Steve around an' hangin' on the outskirts of his meetin's. Lord, the idee putting him up agin the Little Giant. There ain't no comparison. (Cheers.)

SECOND FARMER. I guess you ain't heard that story Abe told at the Brewster House this morning about the snake. He said, "If I saw a pizen snake crawlin' in the road, I'd kill it; but if I found it in bed with my children I'd be mighty careful how I touched it fear I'd make it bite the children an' if I found anybody puttin' a whole batch of young snakes into an empty bed where mine or anybody else's children was goin' to sleep pretty soon, I'd stop him from doin' it if I had to fight him." Boys, we've got to stop slavery or it's goin' to spread all over this country and we're all goin' to get bit. (Cheers.)

FOURTH FARMER. Yep, you're durned right. We've submitted to the South's dictatin' long enough. Perhaps the North is made out o' putty and will have its courage knocked out of it with a gutta-percha cane, but I don't think so; we have declared our principles an' I believe we will stand by them if we have to fight to the last ditch. (Cheers.)

FIRST FARMER. That's what you'll be doin' if you keep on with your darned Black Republican foolishness. I'm goin' on where the speaking is to be. Ged hep there!

(Here the women on horseback cross the stage singing.)

"Flag of freemen gone before us,
While thy starry folds float o'er us,
All the land from sea to sea,
Now and ever shall be free."

(Several of the townspeople appear, talking earnestly.)

REV. JAMES SCHOFIELD. This day in Freeport will go down through all history. It is the greatest day this city has ever seen and

it will never see another of greater importance or weighted with greater significance.

JOSEPH S. EMMERT. There is something about "Old Abe" that makes a man feel that he is honest and somehow you understand what he means. The Little Giant is the best orator, but he sort of acts as though he was sitting on the fence and talking to both the North and the South.

HORATIO CHAPIN BURCHARD. I used to think that Douglas was the greatest orator Illinois could produce, but somehow I've begun to see things differently since I was down to Springfield and heard Lincoln give his acceptance speech. You know, friends, I get more overwhelmed with the greatness and deep sense of responsibility to the people that speech conveyed everytime I think of it. I never heard a speech with higher ideals of patriotism and I shall never forget his look when he said those prophetic words that I know will become immortal. "A house divided against itself cannot stand! I believe this government cannot permanently endure half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved. I do not expect the house to fall, but I do expect that it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other."

MARTIN P. SWEET. Let us hurry onto the grounds. We want to be ready to welcome Lincoln when his party gets here. Make the welkin ring when he comes, boys. Cheer as though bedlam has been given an outing.

(A great shout is given in answer as the group moves on to the place where the debate is to be held. All the time hoards of other people pour across the stage and by and by Lincoln and his party are seen to advance. The gathering crowds give him a cheer and then continue on their way. With Lincoln are Joseph Medill, Norman B. Judd, Elihu B. Washburne, Robert Hill, Judge Oglesby, Owen Lovejoy, and several others. Lincoln removes his large stove-pipe hat and takes from its lining a scrap of crumbled paper. He hands it to Medill.)

ABRAHAM LINCOLN. There, Joe, are the four questions I am going to ask Judge Douglas. Have you anything to say?

JOE MEDILL (examining them). We don't care anything about the others. But if you ask that second one you'll never see the United States Senate.

NORMAN B. JUDD. And the Republican party in this state will have had a blow from which it will scarcely recover.

LINCOLN (taking the paper and reading). "Can the people of a United States Territory, in any lawful way, against the wish of any citizen of the United States, exclude slavery from its limits prior to the formation of a State Constitution?"

MEDILL. Douglas will answer 'Yes,' or equivocate, and that's all the Democrats of Illinois want. You won't get a look-in.

LINCOLN. All right! The people are ready for the truth and, by jing, I've got to give it to them.

MEDILL. All right? Good Heavens! What are we spending our time and money on you then for? What do you expect to make out of all this anyhow?

LINCOLN. Joe, down in Springfield there's a blacksmith. One day he didn't have much of anything to do so he took a piece of soft iron and attempted to weld it into an agricultural implement, but discovered that the iron wouldn't hold out; then he concluded it would make a claw hammer; but having too much iron he attempted to make an axe, but decided after working awhile that there was not enough iron left. Finally becoming disgusted he filled the forge full of coal and brought the iron to a white heat, then with his tongs he lifted it from the bed of coals and thrusting it into a tub of water, exclaimed: "Well, if I can't make anything else of you, I will make a fizzle, anyway." Maybe I'll get nothing out of this campaign, but I'm looking ahead to two years from now and if I catch Judge Douglas, I'll keep him out of the White House. I'm in this campaign to save this country of ours, Joe. She's sick.

JUDD. And where is the Republican party coming in? Nowhere, I reckon.

OGLESBY. Good Lord!

LOVEJOY. Do you mean to say that you don't care whether you are elected or not?

LINCOLN. You see it's this way, boys, if Douglas answers, 'Yes' as you say he will, then he will lose the vote of the solid South and without its vote he will never be president. If he says 'No,' then he won't get to the Senate. I think he will say 'Yes,' and that he will be elected, but I will send him there with broken wings. I do not pretend that I would not like to go to the Senate; but it is nothing to the mass of people of this nation whether or not Judge Douglas or myself shall ever be heard of after today. It may be a trifle to either of us, but in connection with this mighty question upon which hangs the destinies of the nation perhaps, it is absolutely nothing. Don't worry about me, boys, I'm not worth it. (Noticing some acquaintances, among them John Addams, hastening toward the place of meeting.) Don't be in a hurry, boys. There won't be any fun over there until I get there. (Seizing Addams' hands.) My dear Double D'ed Addams I am glad to see you here. How are things up in this section of the country?

ADDAMS. Too much Democrat I fear. However, I think the Republican party will gain considerable strength in a year or two.

(A large conestoga wagon drawn by six horses, which are driven by a jerk line, comes onto the grounds. Thomas J. Turner steps out and comes up to Lincoln.)

TURNER. Sir, we have brought this wagon to take you to the grounds. Uncle John Wolf drove it from Pennsylvania last week.

LINCOLN. The grounds are very near. I would rather walk. You know I do not like fizzlegigs and fireworks.

TURNER. Douglas is to be driven in a splendid carriage.

LINCOLN. All the more reason why I should go on foot.

TURNER. Come, Mr. Lincoln, it would give many people pleasure if you would ride in this conestoga for most of our citizens came here in just such a wagon. It belongs to the people.

LINCOLN. Come on, boys, I guess we can stand a little bit of ceremony. But where is Hitt? I must have Hitt.

TURNER. Perhaps he is in the crowd.

DEACON BROSS (adjusting a green shawl which he always wore around his shoulders). If Hitt is in this crowd he will please come forward. Is Hitt in the crowd? If he is, tell him Mr. Bross of the Chicago Press and Tribune wants him to come up here to the stand to make a verbatim report for the only paper in the Northwest that has enterprise enough to publish speeches in full.

MEDILL. That's the talk.

LINCOLN. Ah, there he comes; by Jing, I couldn't get along without Hitt with his pencil and tablet.

(They enter the conestoga and rattle away to the cheers of the thronging procession which continues to push on, when onto the grounds comes a splendid carriage in which is seated Senator and Mrs. Douglas, James B. Sheridan and Col. James Mitchell. Before them march several men bearing torches and singing.)

We won't vote for Lincoln, nor one of his band,
We'll stick to brave Douglas as long as we can,
His name is arising from the east to the west,
Since Old Hickory's gone, we think he's the best,
Through these hard times.

Our Douglas is fearless—he cares for no man,
He will stand by the Union as long as he can.
Though Buck may oppose him, he'll force him to yield,
To give up the fight and then leave the field,
Through these hard times.

DOUGLAS (standing up in the carriage). I thank you, friends, for giving me such a splendid welcome. The Black Republicans, (here some men in the background shout "White, White!") I say the Black Republicans have the advantage of us in numbers here in Freeport and Lincoln is the strong man of their party, but wait until I trot our friend Abe, the nigger-lover, down into Egypt. I know you agree with me that neither the North nor the South has the right to gain a sectional advantage by trickery or fraud. It is none of my business which way the slavery clause is decided. I care not whether it is voted down or voted up. Have a fair election and there will be peace throughout the country. The people want a fair vote. They will never be satisfied without it. The Lecompton Election would be as fair as that attributed to Napoleon when he said to his troops, "Now, my soldiers, you are to go to the election and vote freely, just as you please. If you vote for Napoleon all is well; vote against him and you are to be instantly shot." (Cheers.)

(Col. George Walker, William Askey and Henry Binmore approach the carriage.)

COL. GEORGE WALKER. Have you heard what the Black Republicans are up to now? They're taking Abe to the grounds in state in a conestoga wagon drawn by six horses.

DOUGLAS. Then I shall walk. Come, Col. Mitchell, we will show them how to be democratic.

(The men in the procession cheer and go off singing their song once more. In the distance a band is heard and a few remaining stragglers hasten to the place of meeting.)

EPISODE IV. THE CIVIL WAR.

1860 — 1865.

SCENE 1. CAPTAIN ATKINS ORGANIZES THE FIRST COMPANY.

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS.

Smith D. Atkins, afterwards Major General.

M. E. Newcomer, First Lieutenant of Company A.

S. W. Field, Second Lieutenant.

C. T. Dunham, J. O. Churchill, R. H. Rodearmel, W. W. Lott—
Corporals.

E. T. Goodrich, H. A. Sheetz, William Polk, R. W. Hulbert—
Sergeants.

C. E. Cotton, Drummer.

J. R. Harding, Fifer.

The privates who enlisted in the first company formed in Freeport were W. W. Allen, J. W. Brewster, Robert Brennan, W. N. Blake-man, A. S. Best, H. P. Parker, N. H. Brown, Frank Bellman, J. S. Chambers, I. M. Chown, Thomas Chattaway, A. Coppersmith, F. Drener, J. W. Duncan, J. P. Davis, M. Eshelman, William Eddy, J. Geiser, J. R. Hayes, E. J. Hurlbert, W. J. Hoover, L. Hall, T. J. Hathaway, J. E. Hershey, J. F. Harnish, F. M. DeArmit, W. N. Hunt, W. J. Irvin, S. H. Ingham, Nicholas Kassel, D. L. Farmer, O. F. Lamb, J. H. Loveland, S. Linderman, S. Lebkicker, J. H. McGee, W. B. McDowell, W. T. McLaughlin, F. Murphy, D. M. McCormick, J. M. Miller, F. R. McLaughlin, I. P. Owen, J. Pratt, A. Patterson, G. L. Piersol, N. Smith, L. Strong, O. F. Smith, M. Slough, C. Sched, J. S. Sills, C. G. Stafford, T. Wishart, W. P. Waggoner, M. S. Weaver, J. Walton, Stephens Waterbury, J. Walkey, J. Work.

Besides the men who enlisted are a number of townspeople.

CRIER. O hear, O hear, Fort Sumter has fallen! Telegram!
Lincoln calls for volunteers! One hundred thousand volunteers!

Immediately onto the grounds hasten men, women and children. Some have newspapers which they scan intently. Smith D. Atkins appears with a long roll in his hands. He raises his hand to command attention.

ATKINS. Hear me, friends! The die has been cast! The cloud that has hung over us so long has at last fallen! The South has fired the first shot! Lincoln has called for volunteers! Who will go?

(Several men rush forward, all shouting, "I, I, and I. The Union forever, Hurrah for Old Abe, Down with the Rebels," etc., etc.)

ATKINS. Stand back just a little, men. You see here I've prepared an enlistment roll. Now, fellows, I'm going to take the honor of John Hancocking this thing first. (Shouts and cheers.) Now, everyone who will, may sign.

(As one by one the men step forward they are roundly cheered by the gathering crowd. Again Atkins commands attention.)

ATKINS. Let's all get together in a line. Now the next thing in order is organization. The first thing is a Captain.

(Shouts of "Atkins, Atkins, Capt. Atkins! We all want Atkins.")

ATKINS. Boys, I thank you for the great honor you have bestowed upon me. Who will be First Lieutenant?

(Shouts of "Newcomer! Newcomer!" Newcomer steps out and gives a salute, which all the rest awkwardly return.)

ATKINS. Now Second Lieutenant?

(Shouts of "Field, Field!")

ATKINS. Dunham, Churchill, Rodearmel, and Lott shall be Corporals and Goodrich, Sheetz, Polk and Hulbert, Sergeants. Are you all agreed?

(Answers "Yes, Yes!" A fife and drum sounds and hurrying onto the grounds come C. E. Cotton and J. R. Harding. They are greeted with a great shout and taken into the company.)

ATKINS. Men, fall in line! Right about face! Attention! We will start at once for Springfield, but first I want to give you your first drill. As we haven't any guns yet you will stand in position with your little fingers on the seams of your trouser legs. Attention, Company! Right dress! Remember the seam! Right about face! All together now! Salute! Present arms! Mark time! Left! Right! Left! Right! Forward, march! Trouser-seams! Trouser seams! Hay-foot, Straw foot! there.

(As the men go marching off the drum and fife play their hardest and the whole assembly follow the heroes.)

SCENE 2. PATRIOTIC FREEPORT.

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Taylor, Mrs. H. A. Sheetz, Mrs. John A. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred H. Wise, Gen. J. W. Shaffer, Col. and Mrs. Jas. Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. Purinton, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Snyder, Dr. and Mrs. Stearns, Mr. and Mrs. Horatio Burchard, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Barton, Mr. and Mrs. Luther Guiteau, Col. and Mrs. James Burnside, Mr. and Mrs. Warren Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Orlando Bidwell, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. William Stevens, Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Martin P. Sweet, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Crain, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Emmert, William Walton, Mr. and Mrs. Jno. K. Brewster, Mr. and Mrs. Dan Brewster, Mr. Rosebrugh, Mr. and Mrs. Benj. Lord Porter, Mr. and Mrs. Henry James Porter, Mr. G. W. Tandy, Major Lawver, Lieutenant Bothwell, Rev. and Mrs. James Schofield, Mr. and Mrs. John Burrell. Several other young men and women.

Mrs. Oscar Taylor, and Mrs. Sheetz, and Gen. Shaffer receive the people. When several have arrived Gen. Shaffer commands attention.

GEN. SHAFFER. Friends, we have come together tonight from a sense of duty as well as for pleasure. We will attend to our duty first. I have been asked to put before you the business of this meeting, but with us is one who understands the situation far better than I, for upon her has fallen its heaviest burden. I will let Mrs. Taylor tell her own story.

MRS. TAYLOR. So many times I have brought to your attention the deplorable suffering the war is causing in our midst, particularly among the soldiers' families, that I do not need to go into details. Most of you have given even beyond your means to alleviate this suffering, yet there is still a greater need than ever. For myself, I could not ask you to give more, but, friends, what you give is for the families of men who are enduring hardships untold that our great Union may be preserved. Is any price too great to pay for such service?

WILLIAM STEVENS. If I cannot go to war myself, I feel that no amount I can give will pay the debt of gratitude I owe to those who do go. I will give \$500 more.

HORATIO BURCHARD. And I will give \$50.

ALFRED H. WISE. I am glad that I can spare \$25.

DANIEL BREWSTER. I will give \$30.

MR. TANDY. I will give shoes to all the needy children of our brave soldiers.

MR. ROSEBROUGH. And I will give \$50 worth of merchandise.

MRS. JOHN A. DAVIS. I have organized a committee that will make into clothing any material that is furnished us.

MRS. TAYLOR. You will be as glad as I to know that over \$1000 has been pledged tonight. It will go a long ways toward relieving the condition. With Mrs. Davis' aid in sewing, much can be accomplished.

GEN. SHAFFER. You will all want to know the latest messages from Vicksburg. The siege still holds out, but Grant is pegging away down there and surely there will be a turn soon. A terrible battle is also raging at Gettysburg. Never has the Civil war been at a more critical stage. We will pray for the best.

BURCHARD. The people of Vicksburg cannot hold out much longer. Most of them are living in caves dug out along the river bank and they are almost starving. Soon the Father of Waters must flow undisturbed to the sea.

STEARNS. We have failed so many times that I fear someone will come to the rescue of the Confederates. Then all the months of siege and the lives will have been for naught.

GUITEAU. No, No! We mustn't believe that. Grant will win out somehow. He must, he must.

(The young people give a Spanish dance of the period, while their elders continue to discuss the war.)

WAGNER. I had a letter from John Schwarz down at Vicksburg and he says the city is bound to fall soon. Grant has said he would take his Independence Day dinner in Vicksburg.

DANIEL BREWSTER. Capt. Wm. Stewart wrote that to someone, too.

MRS. MITCHELL. But if he should fail as he did before?

MRS. DAVIS. We cannot stand this terrible war much longer. The turning point must be reached soon. Grant must not fail.

SEVERAL. No, no, he must not fail!

(Suddenly the bells of the city begin to ring. Everyone stops and stands rigid for a moment. Then with a great shout they cry out.)

"Vicksburg has fallen! Vicksburg has fallen now!"

(A messenger dashes in crying, "Vicksburg has fallen!")

(With one accord all begin to sing.)

“Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
His truth is marching on.”

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He has loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword,

His truth is marching on!

CHORUS.

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;

His day is marching on.

CHORUS.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer him; be jubilant, my feet;

Our God is marching on.

CHORUS.

(As the last chorus is being sung all march off.)

INTERLUDE.

The band plays and homeward come marching the soldiers. The Civil war is over. As they pass across the stage the characters in the last scene advance to meet them joyously, and follow along behind them as they march from the stage.

EPILOGUE.

THE CITY'S DREAM.

Upon the spot where Black Hawk was last seen and bade his last farewell, Pyesa, in white costume and painted eagle feathers, appears. From his long calumet smoke wreathes rise and curl while with arms uplifted he calls out as of old.

Pyesa (chanting).

Ho, Kawasta,
Far, far along thy trail
Have all thine ancient children fled
Their camp-fires fail.

Ho, Kawasta,
I call the prairie sprites
That danced to greet thy morning face,
Where are their flights?

(Far in the distance sounds the prairie song as though it were the echo of the gladness in Nature that once held sway, but the spirits too, have passed over the fading trail of the Indian, for in our industrial life they have no place.)

(Echoing from the distance.)

Oh, come and list
To lilting bird-notes
As our twinkling feet
The morning greet
And lifting, drifting mist
Into the cloud-land floats.

Bending and swaying,
Rippling and playing,
Over the prairies
Hasten the fairies,
Where whirl of flowers
And summer showers
And golden sunbeams dance.

PYESA.

They, too have gone along thy trail, far, far,
Into the setting sun. Their ancient haunts
Know them no more. Their song lilt die away.
Their twinkling feet now falter o'er the path
Which leads them into the night of gloom—
Into the far-forgotten land of mists,
And naught is left of ancient circling years
But slow revolving stars that watch o'er head.
Oh, lasting stars, you know how first they came,
Those children of the East with faces like
The paleness of the dawn. You know how their
Intrepid feet swept ever westward 'cross
The plains, while in their path their cities rose.
And waving golden grains sprang from the soil;
While all our people, tribe on wandering tribe,
Fell back when the Great Spirit ceased to hear
Our prayers and o'er our race as o'er the plains
The gathering darkness fell and led to night.
Oh, stars, reveal to me, ere I depart
And slumber evermore, why all the pain,
The hunger and the sacrifice and loss
For these, the never, bolder Sons of Light?
Show me their life that I may understand.
Behold, the ashes of my council pipe
I scatter on the ground. The smoke dies out.

(As Pyesa scatters the ashes there suddenly rises before him a dense cloud of steam and out from its billowing waves come the steam maidens, dancing, swirling and twirling, wave-wreath upon wave-wreath, until suddenly through them flashes of electricity seem to pass. Maddier and madder grows the dance to typify the growth and rush and push of our industrial life. In the background in the steam clouds toil men, women and children—the toilers of the world. As the dance becomes more rapid and the spirits of steam and electricity fall back, great smoke clouds appear in the foreground waving their sooty smoke wreaths everywhere. As they gradually separate and fall back on the ground, bowed, bent and broken appear the industrial toilers, their lives all but crushed out by the system of labor that takes its toll in human lives. With hands upraised they cry out.)

DIRGE.

Low-bowed, low-bowed!
And bent with care;
Down cowed
In smoky grime and glare;
O, Age of strife,
But give us life!
At least our share,
Our share!

Heart-moan, heart-moan!
For us the dark.
We groan
In sullen fires' fierce spark.
O, Age of right,
But give us light
And song of lark,
Of Lark!

Hope-lost, hope-lost!
Soul sick, O God!
Wheel-tost,
We long but for the sod.
O, Age of wrath,
But give us death!
That is the cost.
The cost!

As the last words are being sung the broken creatures let their arms fall to the ground and bow their faces forward until their foreheads touch the earth. All through the singing of the Dirge the smoke, steam, and electric maidens keep waving their scarves over the bowed figures, the smoke maids being the nearest. Gradually in their midst and silently coming nearer and surrounding the wailing figures one becomes aware of fiendish shapes that personify Greed, Competition, Jealousy, Injustice, Inhumanity, Misunderstanding, Hate, and Materialism.

On their distorted faces as the Dirge goes on is a look of fiendish glee which increases more and more until they reach out to take in their victims as they fall forward on their faces. But the heart-wail has been heard by others and from the distance comes splendid figures which appear first to listen and then hasten to rescue their brother men. These figures are young men, strong in body, mind and soul, and they

represent all that is good in humanity—Sympathy, Understanding, Cooperation, Justice, Idealism, Conservation, Brotherhood and Love—for they are the Builders of the City, the Builders of the World, and the foundations they lay will forever stand. As they appear the fiendish Spirits start suddenly and draw their swords as if preparing to hold their victims. They start to rush upon the new-comers, but they suddenly come to a halt when before them they see, lifted high, rude, wooden crosses in the hands of the Builders who stand silent, fearless, and majestic, gazing at their opponents who shrink back in fear. Farther and farther they draw back, scringing, shrinking, their faces livid with terror, until with one sudden shriek they turn and flee, disappearing from view. In the meantime the prostrate figures on the ground seem to be gradually drawn upward by the power of the cross, straighter and straighter grow their bodies, higher and higher reach their hands until when the evil spirits have fled they stand erect and beautiful, facing the Builders. While before them dances the Spirit of Rejoicing and from everywhere once more comes the Nature Forces, the Prairie Spirits, who join with the Industrial Spirits in the dance of Rejoicing for Labor is Joy and Joy is Love for all Humanity. As the dance comes to an end before them stands the Spirit of Social Service for which Christ gave his life to teach the world and which has struggled on every since until today it is stretching the hand of Brotherhood around the world.

SPIRIT OF SOCIAL SERVICE.

Oh, see, ye people! Catch the vision true:
You are the Builders of the city fair,
The strong and glorious Builders of the World.
'Tis yours to shape the longing universe
To likeness of your dreams,—with me to build,
To span, to strive, to dare, to share your light.
Each one for all and all for each makes for
The perfect golden city everywhere.
'Tis not dead piles of mammoth buildings tall,
That rising upward ever upward cleave
The blue sky dome and scorn the wind and storm;
'Tis not the burning pavement, glist'ning rails,
Or gleaming wires that knit the world. Ah, no,
'Tis not a dry, cold, mechanized thing
Of stone and steel, of smoke and dust and roar;—
It is a living thing and ent'ring it,
You hear a sound as of some mighty song
That's being chanted. List! It rises—falls—
It is the beating hearts and singing brains

Of all the Builders who are working there,
In deepest darkness, then in blinding light—
Beneath the burden of a voiceless pain,
Then to the lilting music of great joy,
For Love is Labor's motive reaching out,
For light that conquers woe and greed and strife.

Oh harken, Builders, Builders of the World,
If we are dreaming let us wake and be
What we have dreamed and shape this sordid world,
To likeness of the vision that unfolds.
The mighty task is arduous, strange and new,
Mere strength and girded sword will not avail.
For 'tis our souls must bear the flaming word
With soaring, gladsome strain of bouyant will,
That turns the city's song into a prayer,
Light, life and right, O God, for all the world.

O, Buglers, sound the trumpet! Call the dawn!
The greed, the hatred, and the strife are gone
With yesterday and we are Builders of
The perfect city, waiting to be born.
O, Buglers, sound the message to the winds,
Proclaim a League of Peace and Brotherhood
That shall prevail throughout for evermore!

(The trumpets sound and a great chorus takes up the Song of the Builders.)

SONG OF THE BUILDERS.

We look for the city of dreams to come,
For the city of perfect mold.
The Freedom that springs from united hands
Makes for beauty untold, untold.

The dawn, 'tis the dawn of an era new,
And we Builders are lifting high
Our mighty rejoicing in choral song
As we reach toward the sky, the sky.

Now brother with brother will share the light
And the city will soar above
The petty and blinding politic strife
As it rises from love, from love.

Oh, Brothers, the city of light, behold!
As it shines from afar, afar.
'Tis yours if you will for it strive today
As it gleams like a star, a star.

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